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AND A
COUNTY OF 10,000 IN POPULATION

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

A Free, New and Progressive
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VOL. XII.—NO. 9.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1890.

\$2.00 A YEAR.

DON'T WANTER GO TO SLEEP.
At night when sleep has hovered 'round the
little snowy bed,
And borne away on snowy wings the little
golden dream,
A merry band of fairy to infant minds, it
seems—
A mother sits and watches, while her heart is
filled with joy,
As she gazes on the features of her little, sleep-
ing boy.
Then off from under covers a chubby hand will
creep,
And a low voice say, "Mamma, I don't want
to go to sleep."
A mother's tummy is heard then sleep with
no sleep wings
Beats little one away once more, while watch-
ful mother's eye
Then comes a beautiful scene; the mother does
not sleep,
Though that tear is speaking for her as it glis-
ters on her cheek,
She takes the sleeping baby and folds him to
her breast—
A mother's arms, so gentle, will not rob him of
his sleep,
And a prayer is sent up ponder, that God will
watchful keep
The lips that murmured: "Mamma, I don't
want to go to sleep."
—S. H. Gray.

AN OIL KING'S WHIMS.

Some of the Eccentricities of a
Rich Pennsylvania.

Building Expensive Roads That Lead
Nowhere, a Strange Case of
His Wife's Estate, His Son
and His House.

One of the oldest men in the oil
country, or anywhere else for that
matter, is Ed E. Clapp, President
of the Allegheny River Oil Co. He is
about sixty years of age. It is some-
times said that he is the richest man
in the oil country, and this estimate of
his wealth is based on the fact that he
owns 8,000 acres of land right on the
border of the rich developed oil terri-
tory. Wells drilled on one edge of
his tract has proved absolutely that
some of his property is valuable petro-
leum lands, and the supposition is
that the great bulk of his 8,000 acres
is equally good. If this be the case,
he is not only the richest man in the
oil region, but he is a veritable
Monte Cristo. One of Clapp's pecu-
liarities is that he will not sell or
lease an acre of his lands, nor will he
operate it himself for oil. He has been
paying heavy taxes on it for
twenty years, and on some of it per-
haps for a longer time. The land is
wholly unproductive as it lays.
None of it is good for agricul-
tural purposes. A large part of it
is timbered, but, as he never cuts a
tree, he derives no income from this
source. Six thousand acres of this
land lies in Venango County, and in
as wild and unbroken a section of
country almost as there is in the
State, and yet without there being
any possible use for them he has
built fine roads and drives all through
his lands. Many of these roads are
built through unfordable sections
and consequently at great expense.
Road building has long been a hobby
with Clapp. He has his own theory
about road building. He is first an
engineer and never lays out a road
above a certain very low grade, and
consequently the highest of the mount-
ainous sections of his lands are
reached by easy grades. Some of
these roads wind around the hill for
miles until the summit is reached.
None of these roads go to any
place in particular. Some of them
end abruptly in the woods and have
remained in this uncompleted con-
dition for years, while he goes ahead
building roads in other parts of his
forest lands. All these roads start
from Clapp's private residence at the
river, a building which is almost un-
possible. Nearly all of these roads
cross wild streams, and a great deal
of masonry is necessary for bridge build-
ing. The stone-work in one of these
bridges alone cost him \$5,000. The
stone was all quarried on his own
land, and this simply represented the
actual labor. Along his roads at
intervals he has erected fine water-
troughs for horses. These are
put in at the most approved man-
ner. All are built high enough
so the horses can drink without the
driver getting out of the vehicle to
lead down the check-rein. Some of
these troughs are carved out of solid
rock. The first one of these that the
traveler encounters in ascending the
river hill from Clapp's residence has
a large sign erected some sixteen feet
above it, bearing, in large, black let-
ters, the appropriate legend: "Horse's
Delight."

Many of the watering troughs are
furnished in some such manner. Clapp
believes in plenty of cold water
both man and beast, and will allow no
intoxicating liquor to be sold or drunk
on any part of his big scope of coun-
try if he can help it. It is often the
case that there is not a horse passing
over these roads for many days, and
perhaps weeks, at a time. In drink-
ing out of these fine troughs, but there
they stand, all the same, constantly
full and running over with pure
mountain spring water, ready for any
living thing that thirsteth. An occa-
sional deer is seen in that section,
and last winter a Pittsburgh hunter
net a shot at a fine buck as he stood
drinking from one of these troughs.

One of the queer things which Clapp
has done, and for which his most im-
mediate friends can give no explana-
tion, was the purchasing of a store
filled with fine chandeliers, looking in-
teresting and novel, and never allowing it
to be opened again for business. This
was done ten years ago, and the
goods are still in the building, some
\$5,000 worth, and all of it molting and

rotting away. A man who clerked in
the store at the time it was so strange-
ly locked up has told the writer all
that is known of the affair. The store
is located at President, not far from
Clapp's residence. It was the only
store for several miles around, and
the country people came long distances
to trade. The business done was light,
because the country is very sparsely
settled, there not being a house in sev-
eral miles. Still, there was some busi-
ness all the time, and it is not thought
the store was closed on account of the
light trade. It would be more like
Clapp to keep it open for the benefit of
the public, although he lost money by
so doing. This seems to have been the
spirit that moved him in the building
of so many miles of free roads. He
had a partner in his store, and if there
was any trouble between the two men
it was not apparent. One morning he
came into the store and said to the
clerk:

"I have bought out my partner in
the store and am now sole proprietor.
I'll sell up all the windows and doors and
give me the key. We will not sell any
more goods."

The clerk did as he was instructed,
and the store remains in that condition
to-day, with the goods rotting on the
shelves inside. Clapp is not a man
who tells his affairs to anybody, but
quite the reverse, and understanding
him thoroughly in this respect, no one
is likely to ask him any questions in
regard to the closing of the store, and
it is not likely that any one will ever
know any more about it than is known
now, which is practically nothing.

Although Clapp has spent hundreds
of thousands of dollars in building
roads from President, the place con-
sists virtually of one house, and that
the house in which he lives. There are
perhaps half a dozen cheap houses in
the vicinity, together with the bar-
ricaded store, but the only house of
value is Clapp's residence. This
is an ordinary-looking country
house, frame, painted white, and
two stories high. It is old-
fashioned, even to the porch
extending along the front, and
has the appearance of a house that
cost not over \$10,000 to build. It is a
house, however, that cost many thou-
sand dollars—how many nobody
knows. The house stands on the bank
of the river, in a very conspicuous lo-
cality, and is sure to be seen by the
traveler along the Allegheny. There
is a cellar under the entire house, and
the masonry in the walls is something
marvelous. Clapp will show an occa-
sional visitor over the house, but in
his ordinary mode he is not particu-
lar to gratify anybody's curiosity
about it. Indeed, if he suspected any
caller of any curiosity in the matter
he would not be permitted to see the
house under any circumstances. To
all questions as to the cost of the
house he has one formula: "This
house is all paid for." He is known to
have one visitor that the masonry
in the cellar walls cost him \$10,000.
Clapp's love of plenty of pure water
is seen in this house, where there is run-
ning spring water in every room. The
water is brought down from the hills
back of the house, by a system of pipes,
and the supply is never failing, winter
or summer.

It was said that Clapp refused to
sell or lease any part of his big tract
of land. This is not literally true.
Of his 8,000 acres he did some time
ago lease 200 acres to an oil man. A
well or two was put down on those 200
acres, and the result was satisfactory.
These wells "went," as the term is,
a large scope of territory, and prove it
to be good for oil purposes. Notwith-
standing this he refuses to sell or lease
any more, and regrets that he gave this
lease. The result of these wells
has brought oil men down on Clapp
by the hundreds to secure leases, but
he refuses to lease or sell on any
terms. The Standard Oil Co. has
offered him \$50,000 for a part of his
President tract, but he declined to ac-
cept it. He will put no price on the
whole or part of it, but simply says it
isn't for sale or lease. To one man's
inquiry as to what he would do about
giving him a small lease somewhere,
he said:

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll do for you
just what I did for a Titusville man
who was here to see this morning."
"What was that?"
"Nothing."

Oil men have given up all hope of
getting anything from Clapp, and
have left him to guard his hidden
mine of wealth. He has said that
when oil gets to be ten dollars a bar-
rel he will open it up himself, but this
means it will never be opened up while
he is alive.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.
—Among the inscriptions in her al-
bum most prized by Mme. Pauline
Nicolini is this, by the elder Dumars:
"Being a man and a Christian I love
to listen to your singing, but I fear
a bird I should die of envy."
—Several of the most popular of
Anthony Trollope's novels are said to
have been written on steamers during
long voyages. His best works were
written while he lived at Waltham
Cross, in Essex, but he was constantly
moving about.



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INCREASED VIM.

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show every bargain advertised and hundreds more that space will
not permit us to mention.

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"Wreckers of High Prices."

Watch for announcement of Great Blanket Sale next issue
"The housekeepers' opportunity."

of my life, I should say doing good to
others. Not a strictly original re-
mark, perhaps, but seemingly the most
difficult thing in the world is to be
prosperous and generous at the same
time.

—Dr. Holmes' life and literary
work, remarks the Boston Tran-
script, "have corresponded pretty
closely with the New England Puritan's
progress from the slough of social
and literary despair which he was in
at the beginning of the century to the
at least comparatively delectable
mountains upon which he dwells at
present."

—Mrs. John Sherwood, who gives
parlor lectures to ladies of the select
400 of the large cities, will be in great
demand than ever, as she has been
decorated with the insignia of officer
d'Academie—an honor conferred by
the French Minister of Public In-
struction on persons who have distin-
guished themselves in literary pur-
suits. It is said to be the first time
the decoration has been conferred upon
an American woman.

—J. T. Trowbridge, whose stories
for boys have made him famous, was
born in 1837 in Western New York.
He taught himself Latin, French and
German. He writes at the present
time almost wholly for the Youth's
Companion and makes a handsome
income. He is a tall, fresh-looking
man, with a very pleasant face. His
hair is white, but otherwise he does
not show his years. He has never
cared for society and lives in retire-
ment in Boston. He has a taste for
speculation, but has never indulged it
to any great extent.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.
—A public school at Dalmar is par-
tially situated in Delaware and Maryland.
Each State furnishes teachers for its
pupils.
—The revenue of the Presbyterian
Church in Canada for all purposes dur-
ing the past year was \$1,942,723, being
an increase of \$212,471.
—The observatory at Carleton Col-
lege, at Northfield, Minn., received a
gift of \$100,000 from Dr. Edward H.
Williams, of Philadelphia, for an equa-
torial telescope.
—There are now fifty churches in
Formosa (Canada Presbyterian Mis-
sion) so arranged that all North For-
mosa is in a sense occupied, and there
are fifty-one native preachers.
—The New York Evening Post pub-
lished a list of donations to forty-five
American colleges in the last school
year, aggregating \$4,993,800. It is
probable that the total value of gifts
to all colleges was \$4,000,000.
—There is a little church at Benita,
Africa, where on Sunday mornings a
number of boys and girls are to be
seen with staves in their hands, taking
notes of the sermon; and some of the
elder ones copy their notes on paper
and give them to other native Chris-
tians, that they may use them at meet-
ings they hold in the towns near.
—For some time past the school au-
thorities have recognized the injuri-
ous effect on the vision of the use of
writing paper ruled with blue lines.
The Grand Duval school committee at
Mayence is the first in Germany that
has taken positive steps in banishing
this paper from the public schools.
No ruled paper is allowed with lines
other than blue.

A dead thing. "In Austria, the Jew-
ish teachers have openly broken with
Judaism; in Australia, Judaism is an
anemic invalid; in America, even
more than in Germany, the boldest,
the most liberal, the purest doctrines
of natural religion are preached by
salaried Jewish ministers." "Yes,
both Biblical and Rabbinical Judaism
seem to have had their day. The
cloak that could not be torn off by
the tempest of Christianity and persecu-
tion bids fair to be thrown off under
the sunshine of rationalism and tol-
erance."

THE WHITE ROSE ROAD.

A charming poem in prose by Sarah
Orne Jewett.

It was a country of wild flowers; the
last of the columbines were clinging to
the hillside; down in the small,
fenced meadows belonging to the farm
were meadow rue just coming in
flower, and red and white clover;
the golden buttercups were thicker than
the grass, while many mullins were
standing straight and slender among
the pine stumps; with their first bloss-
oms atop. Rudbeckies had found their
way in, and appeared more than
ever like bold foreigners. Their
names should be translated into
country speech, and the children
ought to call them "rude-beckies," by
way of relating them to bounding-bells
and sweet-williams. The pasture
grass was green and thick after the
plentiful rains, and the busy cattle
took little notice of us as they browsed
steadily and tinkled their pleasant
bells. Looking off, the smooth, round
hill of Great Hill caught the sunlight
with its fields of young grain, and all
the long wooded slopes and valleys
were fresh and fair in the June
weather, away toward the blue New
Hampshire hills on the northern horizon.
Seaward stood Argemones,
dark with its pitch pines, and the far-
nest itself, blue and calm, reared the
severer country with its unchangeable
line.

Out on the white rose road again,
we saw more of the rose trees than
ever, and now and then a carefully
tended flower garden, always delig-
hful to see and to think about. They
are not made by merely looking
through a florist's catalogue, and
ordering this or that new seedling and
proper selection of bulbs or shrubs;
everything in a country garden has its
history and personal association. The
old bushes, the perennials, are apt to
have more tender relationship with
the hands that plant them long ago.
There is a constant exchange of such
treasures between the neighbors, and
in the spring slips and cuttings may
be seen rooting on the window ledges,
while the house plants give endless
work all winter long, since they need
careful protection against frost in long
nights of the severe weather. A flower-
loving woman brings back from every
one of her infrequent journeys some
treasure of flower-seeds or a huge
miscellaneous nosegay. Time to work
in the little plot of pleasure-ground is
hardly won by the busy mistress of
the farm-house.—Sarah Orne Jewett,
in Atlantic.

He Appreciated the Hint.
Mrs. Homespun—"I'll tell you where
you can find a job sewing five cords of
wood, poor man."
Tramp (sighing)—Where, mum?
Mrs. Homespun—Just around the
corner of the next street.

Tramp—Thank you, mum; much
obliged. I might have run right into
it if it hadn't been for you.—America.
—John Ruskin refers to John Strang
Winter, author of "Boots & Baby,"
as "the author to whom we owe the
most finished and faithful rendering
ever yet given of the character of the
British soldier."

HUMOROUS.

—Photographer—"Now try to look
pleasant." Sitter—"Pleasant? Why,
you idiot, I'm a professional humor-
ist."—Time.

—Usher (at a reception in Chicago,
pompously, as Mr. Foot and daugh-
ters enter)—"Mr. Foot and the Misses
Foot! And yet they say Chicago has
no culture."—Puck.

—First Youth (at a railroad depot)
—"Travelled far?" Second Youth—
"Not yet, but I expect to before I
stop. I am going West to seek my
fortune." "I just got back. Lend
me a dime, will you?"—N. Y. Weekly.

—Johnson—"That statue of a weep-
ing angel at the tomb of your wife's
mother is a beautiful work of art.
Why did you select the figure of a
weeping angel?" Thompson—"Be-
cause I thought there ought to be
somebody weeping at her grave."—
Texas Siftings.

—Judge—"Your age?" Lady—
"Thirty years." Judge (incredulous-
ly)—"You will have some difficulty in
proving that." Lady (excitedly)—
"You'll find it hard to prove the con-
trary, as the church register which
contained the entry of my birth was
burned in the year 1845."—Berliner
Tagblatt.

—"Can't I stay home from church
with you, pa, just to-day?" pleaded
Bobby. "No, Robert, you must go
with your mother." Then he added
to his wife, as she slipped his morning
paper into position: "I believe my
mother's old adage: 'Train up a
child in the way he should go, and
when he is old he will not depart from
it.'—Life.

—Moneybags—"You say you wish
to marry my daughter? Well, you
know I have three, and on the mar-
riage of each I shall give her husband
ten thousand dollars. Which one do
you want?" Jack Napes—"I'll tell
you what we'll do. You'll move out
to Utah and I'll take all three of them
off your hands. I'm willing to do the
square thing."—N. Y. Sun.

—"I decline," said Mrs. Sharp-
leigh, turning from her mirror, "I
look like a perfect fright in this hor-
rid bonnet, don't I?" "Yes, my dear,"
replied her husband, abstractedly,
without looking up from his paper,
"you do." "Sharpleigh, you're a
brute! The bonnet is the most becom-
ing I ever wore, and makes me look
ten years younger." "I think so, too,"
responded the "brute," still absorbed
in his paper.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Miss Porcine—"I am afraid, Hen-
ry, that our engagement must be
broken. Papa and mamma are both
very angry with you." Henry—"For
heaven's sake, Clara, what have I
done to offend them?" Miss Porcine—
"It is all an agent of the conversation
you had with mamma the other
night." Henry—"Why, I spoke of
your father in the highest terms." Miss
Porcine—"Yes; you said he
'bristles with good sense.' You know
papa is at the stockyards, and mamma
thought your allusion to 'bristles' a
slightly derisive taste."—America.

Plenty of Good Advice.
Who never climb never fall.
On a good bargain think twice.
Buy at a market, but sell at home.
Bashfulness is an enemy to poverty.
Who looks not before finds himself
behind.
Duty is the path that all may tread.
—Morriss.

Knowledge is the hill which few may
hope to climb.
For what thou canst do thyself rely
not on another.
Keep good men company and you
shall be of the number.
When you are an anvil, hold you
still; when you are a hammer, strike
your fill.

—The 170th anniversary of the
Cold Spring Presbyterian Church,
New Jersey, was lately celebrated.

The average nicker cigar should be
named the "Lottery." Further re-
marks are unnecessary.

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Young men's silk lined worsted overcoats, worth \$10.00 go for \$7.50
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